Grim Cinema

BC Camplight

I went down with a .44
Making love to a senator, he laid his body down
Under the streets, fall asleep, adios
We all have a turning point, when you break down and think about it
Every day's like a another one slipping awayI heard it on the radio a thousand times
'Til you will take your shoes
And full of fight
Oh I don't mind, I don't mind at all
You threw, you threw it all, threw it all away
Where's all the fantasy?
There's no moral to the story
Pretty little black haired girl and a boy, little sucker
For the pain, for the change, that can't be changedGot in a car crash!
Head on to a big bad mother of a monkey
Spinning around like a whirly bird
We all have a turning point, when you break down and think about it
Every day's like a another one slipping awayI heard the radio a thousand times
'Til you will take your shoes
And full of fight
Oh I don't mind, I don't mind at all
You threw, you threw it all, threw it all away
Where's all the fantasy?
On there somewhere think of all the fun you can have with a broken heart
What a fine way to sigh.Oh I don't mind, I don't mind at all
You threw, you threw it all, threw it all away
Where's all the fantasy?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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